

DIME NOVEL ROUND-UP

A monthly magazine devoted to the collecting, preservation and literature of the old-time dime and nickel novels, libraries and popular story papers.

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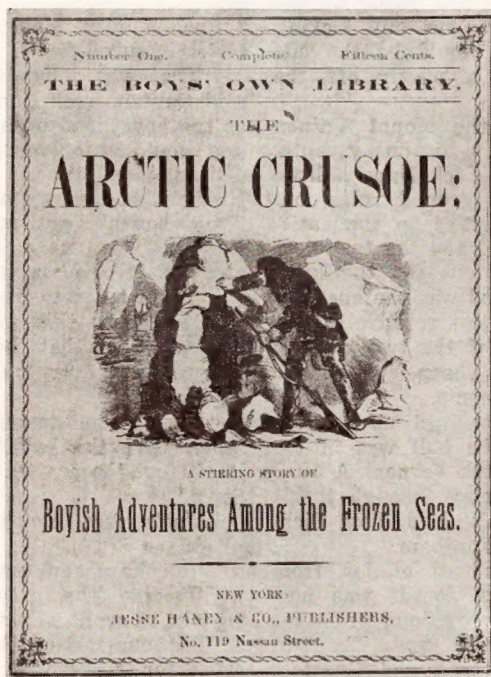
Whole No. 455

The Anatomy of Dime Novels

No. 19 Stories of Boarding School and College Sports

(Conclusion)

By J. Edward Leithead



DIME NOVEL SKETCHES NO. 128 THE BOYS' OWN LIBRARY

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The Anatomy of Dime Novels

No. 19 Stories of Boarding School and College Sports

(Conclusion)

By J. Edward Leithead

"I'm sure you can if you play as you did the last time I saw you over in New Jersey. You made a forty-yard run that was beautiful to see

"The referee came onto the field and talked with the two captains. He was a stout fellow named Lewis and had played on a college eleven, so he should know the game. His manner was brisk and it seemed he would brook no disputing of his decisions. Fred observed this and made up his mind that if there was any kicking over decisions he would be the one to promptly put a player off the field.

"The name of the Mount Vernon captain was Smith, a big husky youth. He wrangled with Dick Dunn a little over some of the ground rules, but at last all was settled to the satisfaction of everyone and the two elevens were ordered out for the kick-off. The first period was the one that would determine the relative power and effectiveness of the two elevens, and Fred kept a sharp eye on the work of the opponents.

"The two teams lined up for the first down, and the ball was in the possession of Mount Vernon. A rush was made for a play through tackle and the ball was fumbled. Tom Dickey fell on it for Fordham.

"There was a shout of joy from the Fordham fans, for it was now their ball. There were loud cries for a touchdown on the start. The two elevens lined up again and Quarterback McCarty gave the signal for the ball to be sent around left end. There

was to be a double pass, and Left Halfback Conrad was the man to take the ball. As he started for the end he quickly juggled the ball over to Fearnot, who ran the other way and then was free of the line for a long run.

"When Fred was tackled he was on the Mount Vernon ten-yard line. There was wild commotion among the Fordham fans for it looked to them like a touchdown. There were shouts of:

"'Push it over! Make the touchdown! Make it sure!'

"That was a dandy run, Fearnot,' said Captain Dick Dunn, with delight, as the boys lined up again. 'I thought you would go over the line for sure.'

"Another time, Dick,' laughed Fred. 'That fellow tackled me hard. They haven't got started yet, but they will give us a game before we are through. If we can score now it will mean a lot to us.'

"Dick knew this well enough, and he was bound that the ball should go through and over the line. He spoke to McCarty:

"Joe, I want to make sure of this score. Give the ball to Tom Dickey. He is just the one to make the touchdown.'

"Joe's face clouded and he replied:

"Burnham can make it better.'

"I give the orders,' said Dick sternly. 'I want you to do as I say.'

"The quarterback knelt down, and called for the pass. Wallace, the husky center, made the pass and next moment the ball was in Tom Dickey's

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hands. The way Tom tore through the right guard and tackle was a caution. He simply carried the whole Mount Vernon team on his shoulders and was over the line in a heap. He had the ball down all right and the whistle was blown for the touchdown. The boys all got up and the ball was seen to be over the line.

"Touchdown for Fordham. Try for the goal."

"The ball was brought and the kick was made. Terry Olcott was selected to make the try, and he sent the ball right through the posts for the goal, nicely. There was cheering by the Fordham people and then the ball was brought out for the next line-up.

"Play was started in the center of the field and the ball was fumbled by the Fordham back, Burnham, and went into possession of the Mount Vernon eleven. At once they began to play like fiends, as Fred had expected and predicted. It did not seem possible for Fordham to stop their wonderful runs and forward passes, which always worked to the disaster of the Fordham eleven. Dick Dunn was amazed, and could not understand why the Mount Vernon boys went through the line so easily, and at last discovered that they were always hammering the right guard, Tim Ward.

"Suddenly Ward whirled around after a gain by Mount Vernon and called to Dick:

"Say, I'm not going to play this way any longer. I want you to make that center, Wallace, play the game. He lets those fellows through me every time. It looks bad for me, but it's not my fault."

"Wallace was furious and denied the allegation emphatically. The Mount Vernon players looked on with amusement, but the referee called on them to line up. Dick Dunn was aghast, for he saw there was sure to be trouble and that it might mean the loss of the game. He turned to Fred with a groan:

"Just what I feared. It's pretty tough. I don't know what to do."

"Fred was stern as he stepped up and faced Wallace. 'I hope you'll not let any slight personal matter inter-

fere with the chance of winning this game. It's more important than any petty business concerning you and Ward, here.'

"Wallace looked guilty but indignant, and snapped, 'He lies! He wants to make trouble for me.'

"Hear them fight among themselves!" shouted a Mount Vernon player. 'We'll beat them to a frazzle, fellows. They can't play the game unless they work together.'

"But the referee called on them to line up, holding his watch in his hand, and the two teams went into it once more. The result was that the ball marched right down to the ten-yard line. There was no stopping it at all.

"The Fordham eleven seemed to have lost all idea of the game. The giant line was like putty for the quick-running backs of the Mount Vernon team. The Fordham fans looked dismal and there was a general expression of opinion that the day of the heavy man was over in football. It was believed that the light, fast man was the one to win.

"But Fred worked hard and fast, and spoke encouragingly to his men, trying to keep up their spirits. This had a good effect but it was not enough to overcome the feeling that there was dissension in the team. Each player seemed jealous and distrustful of the others, and they played wretchedly, for each tried to work alone and there was no concert of action.

"Fred was never more angry in his life . . . and Dick Dunn was perhaps the most mortified of all. Before the second period was over there were three touchdowns credited to Mount Vernon and only one to Fordham. When the referee's whistle blew for the intermission between second and third periods the Mount Vernon boys scampered off to the clubhouse, greatly elated. The score was: Mount Vernon 8, Fordham 6.

"Fred Fearnot was tight-lipped and grim as he walked to the clubhouse. The referee called to him:

"You should straighten your players out. They are beating themselves. They do not work together."

"I am aware of that, sir," said Fred. "It is the bane of this eleven. They are a fast and strong team, but they do not pull together."

In the clubhouse, Fred repeats this remark and is confronted by an enraged Ward, who takes a poke at Fearnot and is knocked cold. "Just then the referee's whistle blew and still Ward was dazed. Captain Dick Dunn turned to one of the substitutes:

"Harmon, get into your togs. It's as well to lose the game by loss of our star guard as to let him throw it."

"When the two elevens lined up for the third period there was little enthusiasm among the Fordham fans, for it was believed Mount Vernon would win out. Fearnot had talked to the team saying, 'We have a handicap, but one not impossible to overcome. Simply play together.' It seemed to Fred that the absence of Ward had removed one of the most disturbing factors.

"On the first play, Mount Vernon gained five yards on a skin tackle play. On the next down they made two more. There were only three more yards to gain. Fred called on his boys to hold, but Mount Vernon was now called back for a kick. At once the Fordham quarterback ran to protect the back field.

"The kick was onside and the players were all after it. It happened that Terry was the man on the spot and he made a dive under the Mount Vernon back and fell on the ball. It was Fordham's ball on their forty-yard line. The Fordham fans yelled with delight.

"Fred with fervor told the boys to play together and make the touch-down. The ball was given to Tom Dickey to carry around the left end. It chanced that Terry was beyond the Mount Vernon line several yards, and Tom, as he was running with the ball, saw that he was going to be tackled. Acting instantly, on impulse, Tom heaved the ball to Olcott, who saw it coming and made a leap for it. He caught it, whirled around quick as thought, and was off like a streak

for the lower end of the gridiron.

"People were on their feet in the grandstand, cheering him on. It was one of the most spectacular plays ever seen on that field. On ran Olcott. The Mount Vernon quarterback was braced for tackle, but Terry dodged him cleverly. There was nothing between Terry and the goal line. He was a terrific sprinter, and the Mount Vernon players behind him might as well have tried to catch a streak of sunlight.

"To Mount Vernon players and fans alike it was a shock. They had believed the game all but won and that Fordham should score again seemed impossible. Yet the referee came over for the ball to place it for the try at goal. The goal was kicked, too, and this upped the score so that Mount Vernon now had only six points more than Fordham. Fred was more than pleased, said, 'We stand a chance to win the game.'

"Out into the field went the Fordham boys again, and in the time remaining showed splendid teamwork. Twice Fordham had the ball right down to the Mount Vernon ten-yard line and might have scored a touch-down if it had not been for bad luck. The ball was fumbled and each time Mount Vernon kicked it out of danger.

"The game ended with the ball working down the field, but in Mount Vernon territory. There was little doubt if they had had a few minutes more of play that Fordham would have scored again. This would have won the game for them.

"The game was a tie." (But Fordham won when they played it off the following week).

There were a few school and sport stories in Tousey's Young Men of America and Boys of New York, but the big explosion of this type of dime novel seems to have largely resulted from the impact of the Merriwell series. Happy Days took them up in dead earnest, publishing the following sport story serials (many were printed twice, only first printing counted): of baseball titles, 48; of football titles, 15; of track and field titles, 5; of

bicycling titles (days of the "scorchers" bicycle clubs, the tandem bike "built for two"), 8; of hockey titles, 2; of ice boating titles, 1; of ice skating titles, 6; of skiing titles, 1; of hunting and camping out titles, 6; of bowling titles, 1; of swimming titles, 1.

Some of the above were reprinted in Pluck and Luck with very interesting sports color covers: Nos. 267, The Rival Baseball Clubs, or, The Champions of Columbia Academy; 547, The Boys in Blue, or, The Football Champions of Cherryville; 579, King of the Diamond, or, The Boy Captain of the Red Stockings; 593, Wearing His Colors, or, The Captain of the Adonis Ball Team (football); 628, The Busy Bats, or, The Nine Who Beat the Ninety; 643, The Winning Team, or, Football Frank, the Champion; 651, The Flyers of the Gridiron, or, Halfback Harry, the Football Champion; 677, King of the Bat, or, The Boy Champion of the Pequod Nine; 685, The Winning Nine, or, Batting for a Fortune; 692, The White Nine, or, The Race for the Oakville Pennant; 724, The Rival Nines, or, The Boy Champions of the Reds and Grays; 732, The Nine in Blue, or, The Champions of the Diamond Field; 786, The Nine of Ninevah, or, The Boys Who Beat the League; 788, Three Strikes and Out, or, The Boss Battery of the Boss Ball Club; 844, Home Rpn Harry, or, The Champion Batter of the Team; 854, Fullback Fred, or, The Young Champion of the Gridiron.

Apparently not satisfied with Fred Fearnot's progress in competition with Frank and Dick Merriwell, Tousey launched a new series, The Young Athlete's Weekly, with color covers, in 1905. Its hero was Frank Manley, the author Harrie Irving Hancock, a very capable writer who also did many a hardback series for boys, in particular those published by the Henry Altemus Company, a Philadelphia publishing house.

No. 1 of Young Athlete's Weekly was entitled, Frank Manley's Return to Athletics, or, "The Up-and-at-'em Boys." Besides baseball (including indoor baseball) the sports covered were

hockey, curling, 'cross country runs, sculling, wrestling. It had a department "Practical Talks on Training" by "Physical Director"; could have been Hancock who conducted it. There were lots of letters from readers interested in following the weekly's slogan "Be Strong! Be Healthy!"

Yet a change was made in the title, after 32 issues, to Frank Manley's Weekly. The change didn't help circulation, it lasted just another 32 numbers and was through. Too bad, for Hancock had done a good job. But Tip Top was strong competition. It was at this time that Frank Tousey made Gilbert Patten a very lucrative offer to write for him, but Patten remained with Street & Smith.

In the same year, 1905, Street & Smith (although they couldn't have complained about Tip Top's circulation—boys with nickel could hardly wait for next week's issue to come out!), attempted to give their own top publication some competition by having one of their top authors, John H. Whitson, start a series about an all-round athlete, Jack Lightfoot. The weekly was called All-Sports Library, and the publisher given was the Winner Library Co., which was Street & Smith.

Back in 1937, during correspondence with Mrs. Whitson, she informed me that her husband wrote all 56 issues of All-Sports, using the pseudonym "Maurice Stevens." Some of the titles were—No. 1, Jack Lightfoot's Challenge, or, The Winning of the Wager; 2, Jack Lightfoot's Hockey Team, or, The Rival Athletes of Old Cranford; 7, Jack Lightfoot's Crack Nine, or, How Old "Wagon Tongue" Won the Game; 8, Jack Lightfoot's Winning Oar, or, A Hot Race for the Cup; 9, Jack Lightfoot, the Young Naturalist, or, The Mystery of Thunder Mountain; 17, Jack Lightfoot in the Saddle, or, A Jockey for Just One Day; 29, Jack Lightfoot's All-Sports Team, or, How Lafe Lampton Threw the Hammer; 30, Jack Lightfoot in the Box, or, The Mascot That "Hoodooed" the Nine.

Jack Lightfoot was described, in "Characters in This Story," as "the

best all-round athlete in Cranford or vicinity, a lad clear of eye, clean of speech, and, after he had conquered a few of his faults, possessed of a faculty for DOING THINGS while others were talking, that by degrees caused him to be looked upon as the natural leader in all the sports Young America delights in—a boy who in learning to conquer himself put the power into his hands to wrest victory from others."

There was girl interest, too, as in Tip Top—"Kate Strawn and Nellie Conner, some of the girls at Cranford."

The stories were good, the color covers were good, by artists Edward Johnson and Marmaduke Russell. But No. 56 was the last issue. Afterward many of the stories were reprinted in New Medal Library and other S. & S. paperback book series.

Frank Tousey had plenty of highly successful weeklies, particularly Pluck and Luck, Secret Service, Wild West Weekly, The Liberty Boys of '76 and serial paper Happy Days; Work and Win wasn't doing badly, either, and he let Fred Fearnot and Terry Olcott take care of sports afield for awhile, having tried to pick a winner with Young Athlete's and Frank Manley's Weeklies, and one not previously mentioned Three Chums Weekly, 1899-1900, 60 issues. He had another weekly that he had kept running since 1906 which had twice undergone a change in the type of stories published, Wide Awake Weekly (named after one of his old black-and-white libraries) and starting as a weekly of adventure tales on the order of Pluck and Luck, replaced by a run of fire-fighting tales of "Young Wide Awake," and finally undergoing a third change. The following announcement was made on the back cover of the last Young Wide Awake:

"No. 137 of this weekly begins a new series of school stories, written by Frank Forrest (a shared nom de plume, this time used by Harrie Irving Hancock), the best author of this class of fiction in the world. Each number details the fun, perils and sports of a fearless young student

with an upright character, who stands for justice and honor in all things. He and his schoolmates encounter all sorts of lively adventures of the kind boys like to read about. Some fine girls figure in the series, and a deep element of interest runs through every story. TELL YOUR FRIENDS ABOUT THESE STORIES."

The last fire laddie story, No. 136, Young Wide Awake's Last Chance, or, Rescued from Certain Death, was succeeded the next week by No. 137, Dick Daresome's Schooldays, or, The Victory of the New Boy. Good story by Hancock, good cover by Tousey's ace artist, more good titles that sounded as if success might attend this last attempt to boost Wide Awake Weekly, Stories of a Boy's Schooldays, into popularity—Nos. 138, Dick Daresome and the Midnight Hazers, or, Turning the Tables on His Enemies; 139, Dick Daresome's Bold Rescue, or, Saving the Academy Girls; 149, Dick Daresome's Hockey League, or, Winning Out for Merrivale; 158, Dick Daresome's Champion Pitching, or, Saving the Day for Merrivale; 159, Dick Daresome's Rowing Match, or, The Prize Oarsman of Merrivale.

But there were only 32 Dick Daresome stories, Wide Awake Weekly folding with No. 168. Here's a baseball game as written by Harrie Irving Hancock, Wide Awake No. 164, Dick Daresome's Summer Baseball Nine, or, New Victories for Merrivale, dated June 4, 1909:

"'Boys, it's time for our nine to start up to the hotel,' said Captain Dick Daresome. 'You know the Rodney House has a nine made up of college fellows staying there, and we must wallop them the very first game.'

"'All right, Dick,' said Skinniman Perkins. 'I'm right on the trail!'

"The other lads followed, all attired in their natty Academy uniforms, for they were playing exactly as they had done on the victorious nine at the boarding-school. This was fortunate, for they were in perfect training and their teamwork was bound to count greatly in their favor in competing with the older college boys on the hotel team.

"Dick Daresome was pitching and Skinniman Perkins was holding the heavy mitt behind the bat as of yore.

"We must work together like a machine," cautioned Dick. "We're up against a bunch of fine college players who could individually outplay us, but they're not broken in to playing as a team. From different colleges."

"Which proved Dick a good general. He always studied his opponents. At the Rodney House he had watched the college lads at practice and observed they were all over-confident of their ability to defeat the Merrivale boarding school team.

"We will teach you," muttered Dick as they marched out on the field.

"The college lads were gracefully tossing the ball in practice. It was easy to see they were not worrying over the outcome of the game. The Management of the Rodney House had offered a fancy free supper to the winning team, and these older chaps were already imagining the taste of the sumptuous repast. But there's many a slip 'twixt plate and digestion!

"Dick received a little scattered applause, for the great mass of the spectators favored the hotel team.

"Win, Dick, win!" came a sweet voice, and Daresome, looking around, saw his little sweetheart waving a Merrivale pennant in the crowd. She smiled and Dick waved his cap at her.

"The girls, for there were several of them from Merrivale, including Bess and Grace, started out with camp stools far to the right of the diamond, so that they could see the game well. They put their stools down at last and sat there to view the proceedings. Dick Daresome, talking with the captain of the hotel team, chanced to spy the girls sitting there. He called to Perkins, 'Say, Skinniman, while the captain and I are tossing for first bat, won't you go over and get those girls to move—that's a dangerous place to sit.' Dick's tone was a bit anxious for he didn't want his sweetheart or any of the girls injured by some stray ball.

"Right," said big jolly Skinniman, and strolled leisurely toward the girls, admiring the pretty group they made.

"Young ladies," he said genially,

'won't you please get farther back toward the hotel? This is a bad location—a ball is apt to come this way.'

"No, we won't," said Bess, pouting. 'It's the only place where we can see the game. The crowd is all around the hotel piazza, so we're going to stay right here and cheer Merrivale.'

"That's just exactly right," put in Grace Gray, with a determined nod of the head.

"Oh, but you mustn't," said Skinniman.

"Mustn't!" exclaimed Bess indignantly. 'Well, I'd like to see any boy who can tell me 'mustn't', that's all!'

"Perkins argued again and again, and at last, with a shrug, turned back toward the diamond. 'No use trying to talk sense to a bunch of girls that age,' he muttered. 'They always do the wrong thing—like getting off a trolley backward. It's part of their makeup.'

"Skinniman knew a good deal about girls, the reason he had stopped arguing. He felt sure they would learn their lesson, and he moved on toward the home plate as he saw Dick heading for the mound.

"Play ball," called the umpire, tossing a nice white sphere to Dick, who had lost the toss.

"The hotel nine was at bat. Big and brawny, the first man up stepped to the plate with a confident smirk. Dick served him a hot one with a sharp curve, but the collegian caught it on the down-swing, a terrific slam. The ball sailed up over Dick's head and the fielders paddled after it. Loud cheers from the hotel folk. The ball was placed beautifully, bounced down the field before Alan Bronson could snatch it up.

"The college boy was rounding the bases at a sprightly rate. Whizz! Bronson to Wallace Clark on third, and the runner held his position just in the nick of time. The captain of the hotel team said to the next batter, 'This is going to be easy.' But it is one thing to get a man on third with no outs and no strikes or balls. It's quite another to bring that man home.

"The two coaches of the opposing nine, yelling like Indians to the runner

on third, didn't bother Dick. Whizz! The ball shot straight down the line, cut the plate. 'Strike!' cried the umpire.

"'Good boy, Dick!' Skinniman tossed the sphere back to Daresome, who pivoted and whipped it at Clark on third. He nearly caught the over-confident college boy napping. But the umpire called it safe.

"About to burn another down the line, Dick saw Skinniman wriggle his face and glance upward. The signal meant the batter was expecting to bunt, make a sacrifice hit.

"Dick thought, 'I'll give Skinniman the upshoot he wants,' and let it go. The ball did take unto itself a peculiar little lift as it neared the plate. It fooled the batter, who, ready to bunt, missed it by a couple of inches. His energetic move carried him about, and his bat landed with a solid biff against Skinniman's mask.

"Here, cut out that boxing business!' called the umpire, who seemed to think it an intentional blow. It might have been, in part, for such a stroke had been known to put a catcher out of the game. But it would have taken a battering-ram, almost, to knock out big Perkins. He staggered a foot or so, then gamely nodded to Dick.

"It was now two strikes and Daresome whizzed another down the line. 'Out!' cried the umpire.

"Dick had held the man on third. He determined to keep it up, with variations. The next fellow at bat was built like a prizefighter. Dick knew that he was a hitter from Hittersville. 'I'll try a foul fly on him,' Dick thought, pulling his cap down tightly, which signal Skinniman understood full well. Dick delivered.

"The batter struck at the ball with terrific force and a keen eye. It appeared to be a hit and he started to run, but the slam only resulted in a high foul which landed on the roof of the hotel veranda.

"Strike one!

"Dick tried again, and again the ball went high, this time falling out of Skinniman's reach because of the crowd of hotel people sitting on the grass.

"That's strike two,' muttered Dick. 'I'll get him on those fouls.' Again he spun the sphere and the collegian hit the ball harder than ever. Dick was apparently throwing them straight, but working a trick that every successful pitcher must master for time of need—as he threw he gave the ball a peculiar upward twist which spun it into fouls. Up into the air went the ball, on this third pitch, off the bat, and Skinniman tossed his mask and cap aside as he ran. Out behind the wooden backstop chased the big catcher with a nimbleness that surprised all who were not familiar with his ability. He caught the ball and ambled back grinning.

"The college boys went out onto the field, less self-satisfied and with more respect for the boarding-school team and their captain. They were to get another jolt, for the first Merrivale boy up fooled the pitcher with a skilful bunt. 'Safe!' yelled the umpire.

"Dick went out to the line back of first to coach his man. As he did so, he espied the girls still sitting back of the diamond in their dangerous position. 'Please get back,' called Dick.

"But Bess was obstinate. 'I think you'd better go on with your game and let us alone,' she retorted.

"Daresome turned away, offended, for he spoke only in the best interests of the girls.

"Another Merrivale player stepped to the plate. This lad lambasted a terrific hit, straight past the pitcher, and down the field. It was good for two bases.

"Go it, lad!' cried Dick, and the players sped around. By the time the sphere was in play again and within reach of the infield, it stood two men on base with first open.

"The next Merrivale boy was left-handed. He had the game in his fist right then! He stood waving his bat gently to and fro. Whizz! 'Ball one!' A groan went up from the hotel fans. The college pitcher scowled, steadied, and pitched two strikes. Now was a big moment.

"Dick, watching his team-mate, saw him square off for a final try. The ball came, his bat swung—crack! the

sphere shot toward right field.

"Great!" exulted Dick, then realized with sudden fear that it meant danger to his sweetheart. The burning low fly was speeding toward the group of girls and he raced to intercept it. Although it seemed impossible, Daresome was a stayer. With a final leap, right arm stretched upward, he fell heavily, but his fingers closed on the hard-batted sphere, held tight!

"The girls were all aflutter now that the danger was past. That ball had been traveling like a bullet. Bess Morrison and her friends left the spot hurriedly as Dick regained his feet. He tossed the ball to the umpire.

"Umpire, I protest that fellow touching the ball!" cried the angry pitcher of the hotel nine.

"Shut up!" said the umpire.

"Well, I won't go on with the game if this sort of thing is to keep up!" went on the pitcher peevishly.

"The spectators were hissing him by this time and he saw that he had talked himself into disfavor. The first lad to get a hit, the one who had been on third, had improved the opportunity to get home. But now he walked back to third.

"Are you going to let that hit stand?" cried the college pitcher.

"Another prolonged hiss greeted his words. He was galled to see the younger fellows winning the sympathy of his own crowd on the hotel veranda and lawn.

"No, I'm not," replied the umpire. "Captain Daresome made a wonderful catch, and under the circumstances it was justified. I don't believe in anyone being injured, perhaps seriously, for baseball, nor for sacrificing a good deed for a rule. Anyway, I'll send the man on first back to bat over again."

"The pitcher settled down to moody silence. The left-handed batter went to the plate again and this time he sent a wind-burning hit straight at the pitcher. The latter was unnerved by the turn of events and muffed the ball. It went through his fingers, struck him full in the pit of the stomach and he doubled up, falling forward with a gasp!

"The batter made first before the shortstop managed to reach the ball, and the lad on third recorded a run. This was the beginning of the end, for the Merrivale lads simply hit the college pitcher all over the field. By the end of the game they had carried the score to ten against a solitary run on the part of the Rodney House nine. And that run was not made by the pitcher.

"When the game was over, Dick Daresome was greeted by a rousing cheer as he started across to the hotel veranda. 'Good for the campers!' came the cry from many throats.

"Bess's father came forward with a hearty grasp. 'My boy, that was a great bit of trick fielding,' said he. 'You can take to the outfield when your pitching arm gives out! I never saw such a nifty bare-handed catch!'

"Dick reddened as the girls crowded about to thank him, for he never relished the position on a pedestal which is reserved for real heroes.

"Now, stop your joshing," he said, "or I'll be sorry I didn't let you catch it. I'll bet some of you could have managed it, anyway."

"But Bess put a little hand over her mouth.

"Don't you call us such tomboys as to catch a baseball coming like a bullet, and without a glove!" said she. "You'd better hurry down to your camp to dress for that supper, Dick. Then we're to have a canoe parade afterward!"

The final effort to compete with Tip Top Weekly was made by the Arthur Westbrook Company of Cleveland, successors to M. J. Ivers & Company. It was titled *The Boys' Best Weekly*. Jack Standfast Stories, first issued, 1908, in neat booklet form, 4x7, 64 pages; near the end of the series changed to 8x11 standard dime novel format, 32 pages. Color covers by the Westbrook artist who did most or all of its dime novel covers, but whose name I have never learned. The author was Horace Paine, possibly a pseudonym.

In "Principal Characters in This Story," No. 54, Jack Standfast's *Clever Catch*, he is described as "A boy

who has his way to make in the world, and who starts right by endeavoring to overcome his own faults, and building up his body so that he may take his place in school as an athlete. Because of his firm determination to succeed, and an abiding faith in his own ability to accomplish things, Jack usually 'gets there,' and when he fails, it is only to examine himself, learn the reason, and, avoiding all pitfalls, try again until success rewards his efforts. Jack is a natural leader, and while he has devoted friends, he, of course, makes bitter enemies as well."

Girl interest is "Helen Meyer—The 'only girl' for Jack while he is at Garland (College), and who has a great influence over him; as yet she and Jack are only boy and girl sweethearts; but Helen is interested in the career he has marked out for himself in the world."

Some of the titles were, Nos. 1, Jack Standfast at School, or, The Arrival of a Champion; 2, Jack Standfast's Rushes on Tackle, or, Winning the First Game of the Season; 3, Jack Standfast's Great Kick, or, Saving the Game in the Last Minute; 4, Jack Standfast on His Mettle, or, The Great Thanksgiving Game.

All these were football stories, of course, but there were plenty about baseball, basketball, ice hockey, indoor and outdoor track in season, adventures in the West, including organizing a cowboy baseball team. The series in booklet form was much more attractive than when it changed to 8x11. The final issue was No. 58, in spite of the good stories it contained.

The End

ODDS 'N' ENDS

By Jack R. Schorr

Some time ago, while rummaging around in a charity store, I came across a shoe box full of dust jackets from old juvenile and adult books. They were all rolled up. Why someone saved them, I don't know, but some people just don't like to read a book with a dust jacket on, so off it comes. Anyway, the thing that

struck me was the fact that the early dust jackets were very plain, drab and unattractive. They were just what they were called, "dust jackets." These early dust jackets hid and protected some beautiful bindings. Take the dust jackets on the original editions of Auto Boys series by Braden. The bindings were beautiful, heavily embossed in colors, protected from dirty hands by plain jackets with an outline drawing. This is also true of the original Putnam Hall editions, bindings in attractive grey, black, and white, covered by plain looking jackets.

Let me say here, I am not complaining, because the very existence of these early jackets made it possible for me to have some sparkling clean juveniles on my shelves, which wouldn't have been possible otherwise.

When the reprints came out later they were protected with colorful and attractive dust jackets; they protected plain, simple bindings. For comparison, I refer to the Rover Boys early editions and the later reprints. These colorful jackets helped sell the books. Grosset and Dunlap, in some of their series, portrayed on the dust jacket, in striking color, an incident in the story. How well I remember picking out my Tom Swift or Don Sturdy by evaluating the jacket. As a boy, I was fascinated by them. Did I say "as a boy"? I can't pass one up now.

I can well remember taking the street car from Hamilton into Baltimore on Saturday to Hutzler Bros. Department Store, where my mother worked, and spending an hour in the book department, picking out a new Tom Swift or Don Sturdy, aided and abetted by the adventure portrayed on the cover. A few months ago, I found six Tom Swifts, all mint with dust jackets. They had never been read and had that nice "new book smell" about them. They brought memories back with a rush. Of course that's every collector's dream, mint copies with dust jackets.

In closing, let me say I am contemplating writing an article on "How to Have a Book Collection and Keep Your Wife Happy, too." But I am not

having much success, because I really don't know.

RECENTLY PUBLISHED ARTICLES CONCERNING DIME NOVELS

THE AMERICAN BOOK COLLECTOR, 1822 School St., Chicago, Ill. Vol. 20, No. 8, Summer 1970 issue. Price \$1.00. BUFFALO BILL, MULTI STORIED SCOUT AND PLAINSMAN, by J. Edward Leithead. Mr. Leithead continues his excellent series on dime novels in the literary book collectors' magazine. I would like to take this opportunity to invite Round-up subscribers to subscribe to the American Book Collector. Price is \$7.50 per year and well worth it.

SAD NEWS NOTE

We have just learned that Richard Gimbel died on May 27, 1971. Col. Gimbel was a subscriber to the Round-up since the 1930's. He was 71.

OLD BOYS BOOKS, a Complete Catalogue, by W. O. G. Lofts and D. J. Adley is for sale at \$4.00 per copy, post paid. Mr. Loft's address is 56 Sheringham House, Lisson Street, Marylebone, London, N.W. 1, England. This is an excellent list of all British boy's and girls' journals, libraries, etc. published from the 1830's to the present. A must for all dime novel collectors.

MEMBERSHIP CHANGES

- 325 Richard McNamara, RR #3, River Falls, Wis. 54022 (New address)
332 Frank L. Isbell, Beaver Book Store, 820 S. W. 3rd Ave., Portland, Ore. 97204 (New member)
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